

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## The Children's Isle

There is an isle, so legends say,  
Set far and far from any land,  
Where roses bud and bloom for aye,  
Upon whose blossom-haunted strand  
The dear, dead babies run and play  
Or wander idly hand in hand.

Remote across the seas it lies,  
This little isle so fair and far,  
Wherein the souls of butterflies  
The playmates of the children are,  
While sweetest songs imparate  
Its waving woods from bar to bar.

The strains of long dead nightingales  
Whose music here on earth is dumb  
Make magical the hills and dunes,  
As over deeps no man may plumb,  
Borne softly on the sable sails  
Of ships of stars, the babies come.

Across those still and haunted seas  
No mortal keel may hope to steer,  
For none but ghostly argosies  
To that enchanted isle draw near.  
Can guess the healing balm they bring,  
To longing mothers' eyes are clear.

The limpid laughter time has stilled,  
The tiny hands that clutch and cling—  
None but the heart that throbs have thrilled  
Can guess the healing balm they bring,  
Thrice blessed she whom God hath willed  
To glimpse the babies pleasuring.

What beacons flare to guide the bark  
To that far isle, no man may say,  
No pilot's chart, no landsman's mark  
Has mapped those lonely leagues of spray,  
Alone of all that thread the dark  
The souls of the children know the way.  
—F. Medhurst in Harper's Magazine.

## Luncheon For Two.

He was a tall old man, with a slight stoop and thin gray hair. His garments were shiny with wear, the sleeves of his coat being fairly slippery in their threadbare state. But there was little trace of the infirmities of age in his strong features and the sharp glances of the gray eyes beneath the shaggy brows. Those sharp gray eyes turned towards the dingy old clock over the dingy old mantel. It was just noon.

There was a door that opened into the counting room, and its upper half was glass. Through this transparent medium the old man could keep a watchful eye on his employees. It saved sudden incursions into the outer room. Those clerks and bookkeepers never knew when the sleepless eyes of the grim old master were turned in their direction. There was no loitering or any other form of relaxation in that busy counting room.

From the clock the old man's gaze turned to the door. The desks were deserted. It was luncheon hour. He arose from his creaky swivel chair and crossing the room, pulled down a shade that covered the glass. Then he turned back to his desk and producing a small parcel wrapped in a newspaper, opened it and disclosed an apple and a few biscuits. He spread them out on the paper and fell to munching them. He was gnawing at the apple when a light rap at the counting-room door drew his attention. At first he was inclined to believe that his ears had deceived him. Then the rap came again—rat, tat, tat.

"Come in," he cried, and there was nothing suggestive of hospitality in the peremptory tone. "Come in."

A hand fumbled with the knob and then the door swung open. A child was standing on the threshold, a little girl with sunny curls and a dainty pink frock.

"How do you do?" said the astonished vision. "Are you pretty well? So am I, thank you." And she made him a fascinating smile.

"Where did you come from?" growled the old man.

"I came from out there," replied the little maid. "I pecked through the glass under the curtain and I saw you." She laughed merrily. "An' I thought you was a big ogre eating all by yourself. You don't eat little girls do you? He yielded, for a moment to the witchery of her smile. "Not when they are good little girls," he gruffly said. The child laughed merrily. "You're splendid ogre," she cried, and clapped her hands. "Much better'n papa. What's you eatin'?"

He hastily pushed the biscuits and the remains of the apple aside.

"My luncheon," he answered.

"But you haven't told me where you came from."

He was surprised at himself for showing this interest in the child.

"I comed down to see papa," she

answered. "Mama brought me an' left me here, 'cause she's goin' a shoppin' an' there's big crowds an' little girls might get hurt. An' I brought papa's lunch, and mama will call for me. An' I'm to keep awful still, 'cause the man papa works for is very cross, an' he can't bear to have children 'round. Please can't I come in a wee bit further?"

"Come in, if you want to," said the old man, a little ungraciously.

She smiled as she slowly advanced. "It always pays to be polite," she said. "That's what mama tells me. If I had said, 'Can I come in?' without any please, you might have said 'We do not want no little girls 'round here today; they're such a nuisance.' An', besides, I was a little tired of stayin' out there all alone. 'Cause, you see, papa had to go to the Custom House 'bout somebun' partickler, an' I'm most sure I heard a big rat under the desk brushin' his whiskers."

She came quiet close to him and leaned against the ancient hair-cloth chair that stood by his desk. "Who is your father?" the old man asked.

"My papa? He's Mister Fenton, Mr. Russell Fenton. Do you know him? He's a very nice man."

"Yes, I know him. And did he tell you to come in here and see me?"

"Mercy, no!" cried the child.

"He didn't say nothin' about you. He just said I was to keep very quiet an' he would be back as soon as he could."

An' I said, 'Ain't you goin' to eat your lunch, papa?' An' he said it was a shame to waste such a nice lunch, an' he laughed an' said, 'You eat it.' But after I heard that rat I didn't seem to feel hungry. She looked at him and her dark eyes sparkled. Please will you watch through the door very close for a minute? If the rat sees you lookin' he won't come out. Just a minute," and she turned and trotted into the counting-room. In a moment she was back again with a cardboard box. "Here's the lunch," she looked at him and half closed her eyes. "Let you and me eat it," she said.

He shook his head.

"Eat it yourself," he muttered.

"I can't eat it all," she cried.

"I'm not greedy. It's very nice. Mama took such pains with it. Let's divide. What's yours?" He hesitated. Then he pushed his apple and biscuit into view. "My papa had it once," she said.

"Had what?"

"Dyspepsy. He couldn't eat hardly anythin' neither."

"I eat quite enough," the old man dryly remarked.

The child looked at him curiously.

"You're pretty thin," she said.

"Maybe I'd be pretty thin, too, if I lived on apple an' biscuit. An' now it's my turn. See this?" And she whisked the cover off the box and showed the neatly-packed contents.

"New," she said, as she drew out a sandwich. "I'll give you this for two biscuits. I don't much care for biscuits, but it will seem more fair."

She held the sandwiches toward him. He hesitated again. A frosty smile stole across his wrinkled face. He gravely extended two biscuits and took the proffered sandwich. Then he bit a goodly piece from it.

"Very good," he said.

"Mama made 'em herself. Papa says she's dabster at makin' sandwiches, but then, I think mamas always make things better than any body else can. Don't you find it so?"

He paused with the remains of the sandwich uplifted. His face grew more gentle.

"I believe it's a fact that's generally admitted," he said.

The child looked at him with a quick laugh.

"That's just the way papa talks sometimes," she said. "An' I don't understand a word he says. But ain't we havin' a good time, jus' you an' me?"

"Why, yes," said the old man.

"I think it must be a good time, although I'm afraid I'm a pretty poor judge."

The child regarded him critically.

"You do look pretty poor," she said. "Have another sandwich? Oh, do! An' here's some cheese

and a nice pickle. Yes, you must. Papa says it isn't polite to refuse a lady. That's when mama offers him the second cup of coffee." The old man took the second sandwich, but he frowned a little at the cheese and pickle.

"Rather extravagant," he growled.

"That's just what papa says to mama sometimes," cried the child. "An' mama says she knows he'd have hard work to find anybody who could make a shilling go farther than she can."

There's clothes to buy, an' what we eat, an' the rent. Why, mama says she's always afraid to look the calendar in the face for fear rent day has come round again. Where do you live?"

"I live in a house away from town," he answered.

"Can you swing a cat in it?"

"Swing a cat?"

"You can't in our rooms you know. They're the tiniest things we're on the fifth floor, but the porter's a real nice man. He asked me to ask my papa if he'd exchange me for two boys. An' papa said to tell him that he might do it for the two boys an' a couple of pounds of radium to boot. An' I told the porter, an' he said he guessed papa wasn't very anxious to trade. An' I told papa what Mr. Ryan said, an' he pulled one of my curls an' said he wouldn't part with me for all John Ramsey's millions twice over. That's the man papa works for. Do you know him?"

The old man had frowned, and then suddenly smiled.

"Yes, I've met him," he replied.

"He's very rich, papa says, an' he lives all alone in a great big house, an' he hasn't any little girl, an' he needs somebody to take care of him, an' all he thinks about is money, money, money! It's too bad to be as rich as that, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," the man replied.

"But mama says it's only good for what it will buy. It's good for clothes and what you eat an' the rent. Then it's good for helpin' those that need helpin' like lame Joe, an' when people is sick. An' it's good to have a little in the bank for a rainy day, though I don't see what difference the rain makes. Ain't this sponge cake good?"

"Money is very useful, then?"

"Tis sometimes. When mama's mama died, 'way out in the country, mama couldn't go to the funeral 'cause papa was just gettin' over a fever an' all our money was gone, every penny, an' we owed the doctor an' the rent. Mama cried and cried all day."

"And what would you do if you had lots of money, child?"

She looked up at him with her eyes sparkling.

"I'd give most all of it to mama and papa. But I'd keep a little myself." She smiled at him in her bewildering way. "You don't know what a lot of things you can buy for a shilling! An' then I'd keep some for a chair—the kind you wheel around—for lame Joe. He's a little boy that lives near our house, an' he can't never walk any more. An' he sits on the steps and makes faces to us when we run by, and mama says it's too bad somebody who has money to spare can't get him a chair like he needs, 'cause it would be such a happiness to him. An' mama says maybe Mr. Ramsey would buy it, and papa laughed in such a funny way. Mr. Ramsey is the man he works for, you remember."

"I remember," said the old man.

"An' mama said she guessed she'd come down some day an' tell Mr. Ramsey about lame Joe, an' papa said she'd better not. An' mama said she was only joking. Funny kind of joking wasn't it?"

"It sounds so to me," said the man dryly.

"Yes, I think so, too. When a man's got as much money as Mr. Ramsey it wouldn't be any trouble at all for him to buy a chair for a little lame boy, would it?"

He did not answer her.

"How old are you?" he presently asked.

"I am six. How old are you?"

He laughed in his unaccustomed way. "I'm seventy—today."

The child gave a little scream of delight.

"Mercy! It's your birthday! Oh, I wish I had known it! Mama could make you such a beautiful birthday cake. Wouldn't it have to be a big one? We think a lot of birthdays at our house. Did you get many presents?"

"Not one."

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"Why, that's too bad. Did your folks forget?"

"I haven't any folks."

The pity on her face deepened.

"I'm sorry for you," she said.

Her little hand pushed the paste board box towards him. "You shall have the other piece of cake." Then her face brightened.

"Couldn't you buy some presents for yourself?"

He shook his head.

"No," he answered. "I don't believe I could."

Her glance fell on the half-eaten apple and the biscuits.

"Perhaps you are poor?" she softly said.

"Yes," he answered. "I am too poor." Her little heart was touched.

"Have you worked here long?" she asked.

"Nearly fifty years."

"Mercy! That's a long time."

Her quick glance travelled over his threadbare suit. "Maybe Mr. Ramsey would give you more wages."

He laughed again.

"He seems to think I'm worth only my board and clothes."

"Dear, dear! An' he's so very rich. We went by his house once—papa an' mama an' me—an' it looked so big an' dark. Mama said she'd just like to have the care of it for a while. She'd let in the air an' the sunshine, an' drive out the dust an' the gloom, an' she'd try to make life really worth livin' for the lonely old man. That's what mama could do if anybody could. You know Mr. Ramsey. What do you think about it?" He suddenly laughed.

"It might be an experiment worth tryin'," he said. Then he stared into the cardboard box.

"Why, look at this!" he cried.

"The lunch has all disappeared? I'm sure I ate more than half of it. Come, now, how much do I owe you?"

"Mercy," cried the child, "you don't owe me anything! I couldn't eat it all, an' papa didn't have time. I hope you liked it."

"It was the best luncheon I have eaten for years," said the old man.

"I'll remember an' tell mama that. She will be pleased. An' how she'll laugh when I tell her you asked what you owed me."

The old man put his hand deep in his pocket and drew out an ancient leather pocket book. From this he extracted a bank note and smoothed it on his knee.

"There is a lame boy whose name is Joe," he slowly said. "He needs a chair. Do you know anything about the price of these things?"

The child's eyes sparkled as she stared at the note.

"Yes, yes," she answered.

Mama went an' found out. You can get the kind of chair Joe wants for \$15. An' a real good chair, too."

"Here's twenty five," said the old man. "Just tell Joe it's a present from you. What's your name?"

"Elsie."

He watched her with an amused smile as she quickly drew a tiny purse from the pocket in her frock and tucked the note into it. Then, when the little purse was restored to its place, she looked up at the old man.

"Now," she said, "If you please, I'm goin' to give you a kiss. I always give papa a kiss when he's nice."

The old man flushed a little.

"Just as you please," he said.

He stooped, and she touched the wrinkled cheek with her lips.

"You're very nice," she said.

Then she hesitated. "But didn't you need that money for yourself?"

He shook his head.

"I think I can spare it," he answered.

Then came an interruption.

"Elsie," a voice called from the doorway.

"It's papa," cried the child.

The old man looked around.

"Well Fenton?"

"I trust she hasn't bothered you, sir?"

"We haven't bothered each other a bit," cried the child.

The old man shook his head.

"No," he answered. "Not a bit." Then he looked back to the doorway.

"Fenton," he said, "when your wife comes for the child, tell her, please, that I want to have a little business talk with her. I'm thinking of opening up my house."

The eyes of the man in the doorway couldn't conceal their wonderment.

"I'll tell her, sir."

"And, Fenton!" "You may leave the child here until the mother comes."—Mount Angel Magazine.

## ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Andrew Carnegie was born November 25, 1837, in the old town of Dunfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland. His father, who was a master linen weaver, was a good man and brought about many reforms in his neighborhood.

Andrew was devoted to his mother on account of her fine character. She was a capable woman, and her children's only teacher until Andrew was eight years old, when he was sent to school. He was a good student and a favorite with his classmates.

After the introduction of steam machinery and of the factory system, his father failed in business and was obliged to look elsewhere for a means of support.

In 1848, he brought his wife and two sons, Andrew and Thomas, to America. Thomas was nine years younger than Andrew. They located in Allegheny City, opposite Pittsburgh, where their relatives lived.

Andrew secured his first position as a bobbin boy in a cotton factory, at one dollar and twenty cents a week, when he was twelve years old. At fourteen, he was employed as engineer in a factory for making bobbins. He was promoted to a clerkship by his employer, who had found out that he had some education and knew something about arithmetic, but, as he did not find the job profitable he left and looked for other work.

At fifteen, he became a messenger boy for the Ohio Telegraph Company, and improved himself by learning telegraphy in his spare time. Mr. James D. Reed, the superintendent of the office, himself a Scotchman, favored the ambitious lad and helped him.

Soon after he took this place, he was saddened by the death of his father and was left alone to support his family, for his brother Thomas was too young to aid him, but he was not discouraged. Later he became an operator in the telegraph office at twenty-five dollars a month, and it seemed to him that he could support the family well on that salary. He soon became an expert telegrapher.

One day when the Pennsylvania Railroad Company advertised for an operator, Andrew was at once chosen to fill the place. Then he was promoted to the high position of secretary to Colonel Thomas Scott, then superintendent of the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Scott delighted in assisting Andrew in his climb upward. Through his interest, Andrew was given many business opportunities.

Later when Colonel Scott became vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he made Carnegie superintendent of the western division at a salary of fifty dollars a month.

One day as the young superintendent was examining his line from a rear car, a tall, thin man stepped up to him and introduced himself as T. T. Woodruff, an inventor. He carried a green blaze bag from which he drew a miniature car. This, he said, was the small model of a sleeping berth for railway cars. Carnegie was astonished at the value of the idea, for he knew that many railroads would be extended across the continent.

When he returned, he showed the model to Mr. Scott and told him that it was one of the inventions of the age. Arrangements were made to build two trial cars and run them on the Pennsylvania Railroad. A sleeping car company was formed. Carnegie bought shares, which afterward paid him well.

When the Civil War broke out in 1871, Mr. Carnegie was called to

Washington by Colonel Scott, who was then assistant Secretary of War, to take charge of the military roads and telegraphs of the government.

After the war, when he first visited the famous Story Farm on Oil Creek, Pa., he found that oil was running in the creek. Some friends and he purchased the farm for forty thousand dollars. It was rich in petroleum and their investment brought them a million dollars. The value of the farm rose to five hundred thousand dollars. Andrew's company sold shares in the market and in one year it paid in cash dividends one million dollars, so Andrew had made an immense amount of money on his investment in oil lands.

Later Andrew entered the iron business. While still in the employ of the railroad, he saw the railroad bridges, then built of wood, easily caught fire from the trains and recognized that such bridges should be built of cast iron. He organized, in Pittsburgh, a company for the construction of iron bridges. This was his first step towards becoming an iron master.

When Carnegie visited England in 1868, he saw the rails for the English railways were made of steel. He rushed back to America and established a large mill at Pittsburgh for the manufacture of steel.

The mill was called the Homestead Steel Works. In 1888 he built seven different classes of iron and steel mills, all of which are now included in the Carnegie Steel Company.

Carnegie set to work to organize a company for the manufacture of steel rails. He hired other men who knew how to secure orders, make profits and get work out of other people. He furnished a large share of the capital and the company put up large works. Carnegie called it the Edgar Thompson Works, after his good friend the railroad president, who gave him many valuable orders.

Carnegie had great faith in the future of the steel industry. As his partners died or withdrew, he bought their shares worth \$250,000 each and in twenty-seven years he made \$500,000,000. In this way he became the master of steel manufacturing. In the next eight years his mills made a profit of \$16,000,000.

While the mills were working, Carnegie took life easy. He traveled leisurely around the world and wrote a book describing his trip. He enjoyed life year after year, but he studied the industries with greatest care.

His fortune grew larger and larger. His company bought more plants and operated them. The orders of steel bridges replaced iron bridges, and "skyscraper" office buildings were built with skeletons of steel. The people needed more steel and paid for it.

To avoid the trouble and expense of buying ore, his company bought a tract of ground in the northern peninsula of Michigan which contained iron ore enough to last for years. It also bought a railroad which connected Pittsburgh with Lake Erie, and the company owned a lake fleet of ore carrying steamers. It owned coal lands, coke ovens, and many iron furnaces and steel mills. A railroad connected all the various works. This company controlled about three-fourths of the steel in America. Later the Carnegie Company passed away and the United States Steel Corporation was then organized. It is the largest company in the world. It makes over two-fifths of the pig-iron of our country, nearly three-fifths of the steel rails and more than one-half of other manufactures of iron and steel. It owns three-fourths of the iron ore of Minnesota. There is no danger of the company failing.

Now Carnegie became one of the richest men in the world from his wise investments. His income was fifteen million dollars a year. He spent much time in his native land, Scotland. He bought the ancient Skibo Castle in the northern part of Scotland and lived there every summer. Above the walls of Skibo Castle, the Union Jack of Great Britain and the Stars and Stripes of America waved to show the land of his work. His private residence was in New York City.

Carnegie gave ten million dollars to universities of Scotland, founded

a great Polytechnic school for Pittsburgh, where sciences, needed in manufacturing, are taught, and gave fine library buildings to cities or towns, and was most generous in helping all worthy charities. He gave ten million dollars more to establish the Carnegie Institute at Washington, D. C. He also gave large sums to help poor churches to buy organs. He established the Hero Fund, which gives medals to boys who have risked their lives to save others, and if they die from risking their lives, their families receive a reward. He also did much to help improve the town where he was born.

Mr. Carnegie did not marry till he was fifty years old, in 1887. The year following the deaths of his mother and only brother Thomas, he married Miss Louis Whitfield, the daughter of Mr. John Whitfield of New York of the large importing firm of Whitfield, Power & Co. He had one child, a daughter who was grown at the time of his death.

Mr. Carnegie distinguished himself as a giver. He had seen many men die very wealthy. He thought it was a mistake. He thought a man should not leave a vast fortune to his family. His greatest gift was to the Pittsburgh Library. It is a magnificent building made of Ohio sandstone. It is 393 feet long and 150 feet wide. It can hold 300,000 volumes. It contains science and industrial museums, lecture room and a music hall.

The music hall contains seats for sixty musicians. Free concerts are given there twice a week. To this great work Mr. Carnegie gave \$1,000,000. The city of Pittsburgh agreed to pay \$40,000 annually for the maintenance of the library. Mr. Carnegie always felt people should bear part of the expense, so when he gave a library, church organ, or anything of that kind, the people were expected to pay what they could toward it.

Mr. Carnegie died on August 11, 1919. In his will, he left large sums of money to different charities, but he will need no better monument than the free libraries he has left to bless his memory.—Edward Kaercher.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

## NEW YORK DISTRICT.

St. Ann's Church, every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. Holy Communion 1st Sunday each month 3 P.M. and 2d Sunday each month 9 A.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, every Sunday 8 P.M. Except first Sunday of the month.

Services at Newburgh, at Stamford and other places, by appointment.

Office Hours at Guild House: Mornings, 9 to 12; evenings, 7 to 8:30; except Monday and Thursday.

REV. JOHN H. KENT, 511 West 148th Street, New York City.

A.B. SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZEL, Pastor, 3295 N. 16th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M., Third Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Clero Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JANUARY 5, 1922.

WIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, 2.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL  
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals should be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL starts with this issue on the second half-century of its existence. Let us hope it will live to round out the full cycle of one hundred years. Since it began as a medium of disseminating news to the deaf-mute public, away back in 1872, generations of the deaf have lived and passed on. And before its volumes are numbered up to one hundred, other hands will guide its destiny, other correspondents will fill its columns, other generations will get inspiration, courage and happiness in perusing its pages.

We like the Columbia University song, "Sans Souci," which scorns to look forward to the future with trepidation and misgiving, but makes the most of the present:—

"What if tomorrow bring  
Sorrow, or anything  
Other than joy,  
What if 't be Winter's chill,  
Rainstorm or summer's thrill;  
Tomorrow is the future still,  
This is today."

Anyone who does his duty promptly, who fills each day with useful effort, is sure to be a real factor in the line of progress.

Adapting our message to the present year:—

We promise to keep up the good work of the past and give to our readers all the news that is worth printing.

We promise to look after their interests, to defend their rights and to conserve their welfare.

We promise to keep our columns open to all deaf-mutes, for pertinent comment, legitimate announcements, and general news concerning the deaf.

We promise, as in the past, to kill slander, smother malice, and print only that which will help and nothing that will hinder.

We promise to uphold the deaf as a class of good, industrious, capable, and law-abiding citizens.

We promise to expose peddlers and others who prey upon the public under the pretence of being deaf and dumb—to correct an abuse which works so much harm and injustice to the people who are really deaf.

In a word, we will continue to denounce what is evil and promote what is beneficial to our class of people.

The deaf were never before as prosperous as they are today. In all the States that make up the Union, there are schools for the deaf children, which are free in precisely the same way as schools for the hearing. Education is paid for by taxation, and the parents of deaf and hearing children alike pay taxes for the support of schools for the deaf and schools for the hearing. There is no charity in the process of education.

The adult deaf have their churches and religious organizations; their clubs and societies for social recreation.

They have also State Associations, and two major associations—the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, and the National Association of the Deaf. Both of these organizations have members in every State in the Union.

The National Association has over three thousand members—all banded together for altruistic purposes, with no thought of individual advantage or betterment, but for the welfare of all the deaf.

The National Fraternal Society is a fraternal organization which provides for its members in cases of accident or sickness, and gives money benefit to the family or nearest relative (in the absence of a specified beneficiary) in the event of death. It has something like five thousand members, in eighty-three divisions, and assets of more than three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

Among the big organizations that exist for social and recreational purposes, we might mention the Silent Athletic Club of Chicago, and the Deaf-Mutes' Union League of New York. Both of these organizations have assets that run well into five figures.

We thank all the good friends—writers, readers, and subscribers—who have helped to make the JOURNAL successful during the year just passed, and hope they will be with us in 1922.

May the progress of the deaf continue, may all of them win wages with worth and faithful effort, may they all accumulate cash, enjoy good health, have long life and hosts of friends.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

### AN APPEAL.

We hope the JOURNAL readers will contribute to the very worthy cause set forth in the appeal of Mr. Tse Tien Fu.

Nationality should not play a part in helping our brethren who are deaf. All the world of deaf-mutes are brothers and sisters. Their concern and trouble should be ours. Let us all help in conferring upon one or more deaf-mutes the blessings of education.

Contributions sent to E. A. Hodgson, Editor DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, P. O. Station M, New York City, will be publicly acknowledged, and forwarded promptly.

APPEAL OF THE HANGCHOW PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

The school for the Deaf in Hangchow has been running for seven years. There are many students who are anxious to come. But we are in short of fund, we are not able to receive them all. We feel very sorry that we have to turn them away.

Some time ago we received \$75.00 through Silent Worker toward the fund of our school. We are indeed grateful. Our students will never forget the kindness of our foreign friends.

At present we are sending out an appeal through DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL in hope that those who are interested in our Deaf School in Hangchow may be willing to contribute some money to help the school in order that we may receive more students. The deaf through the agency of our work may also receive the Gospel. Those who desire to contribute please send their money to Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson.

Sincerely yours,  
TSE TIEN FU.

Edwin A. Hodgson	\$2.00
St. Elizabeth's Deaf-Mute Mission,	
Wheeling, W. Va., through Mr.	
J. C. Bremer	3.00
Anthony Capelle	50
Charles Golden	25

Perfumes Worth Their Weight in Gold

Some of the essential oils used principally in perfumery have soared to unheard of prices. Here are a few of the higher, the quotations being by the pound:

Attar of rose, \$18; angelica oil, \$42; coriander oil, \$60; oil of lavender, \$10 to \$11.50; patchouli oil, \$20 to \$22; vetiver oil (Java), \$30; ylang ylang (Manila), \$30 to \$40.

And other natural substances that enter into perfumes are away up, as the following quotations show:

Ambergris is from \$12 to \$30, an ounce, according to color; musk is from \$25 to \$45 an ounce; and among the synthetic chemicals, citronellol is from \$20 to \$30 a pound and cinnamon alcohol is \$35 to \$40 a pound.

## CHICAGO.

When the tide went out it found him stranded and trapped on the beach. With never a friend around him—  
With never a friend in reach;  
Cold walls were around him only,  
Instead of hosts once dear,  
As, dying alone and lonely,  
He died with the dying year.

"Prof." Harry White, aged 65, is dead!

With only a few hours left before the birth of another year; with all the world ready to rejoice in a fresh start on the Highway of Happiness and the Crusade of Cheer, this world-weary, disappointed old veteran—once acclaimed the most distinguished and famous of our class—silently passed to a world of eternal but unknown silence.

The founder of the Utah and Arizona State Schools for the Deaf—from the Superintendentcy of both of which he was ignominiously kicked out in favor of a "hearing" pedagogue, as soon as he had established and made a success of them—passed away at the County Hospital here, at 8 A.M., Saturday, December 31st. Asthma, developing into bronchitis. He had dragged his faltering footsteps to the hospital all alone the Thursday previous, and all alone he died. The hundred useful citizens whose footsteps he started on the road to success and independence, the thousands who had bailed him in the heyday of his fame as a grand and glorious Nad worker—none were there to give one final wave of gratitude or applause as the bent and broken spirit gently gave up the fight.

It is thus we deaf reward our workers. For the Nad is not yet strong enough to secure equal justice for us all; nor to shield and shelter those who once shielded and sheltered us. "He saved others, himself he could not save."

"Prof." Harry, affectionately known to thousands of the JOURNAL readers, was among the capable Akron inspectors discharged when Goodyear got into financial difficulties two years ago. For a long time he hung on, hoping for re-employment; and finally the large-hearted Akronites got up a purse to take him back to Arizona.

This proved insufficient, so "Prof." Harry started to work his way Westward by degrees, peddling telephone accessories to businessmen—pad holders for attaching to the phone, etc. He worked his way to Chicago some two months ago, and from the first few days' receipts, was optimistic of reaching Arizona before the real blasts of Chicago's windy winter set in. "I am an old man, and have not long to live," he told C. Murday. "I hope I can reach my beloved Arizona to die." But luck was against him. Rainy weather resulted in a series of severe colds, which aggravated his asthma, and made peddling his accessories impossible. He would lie wide-eyed for three hours of suffering, on a miserable little "mattress" in his miserable little room, living on bread and milk and memories of his olden glory. The only deaf ex-Superintendent of schools glad to get a "flop" in a flop house!

Dr. Dougherty and others had been talking of raising a purse to pay White's transportation out to the land where the heart beats stronger, out where the lungs live a little longer. And now—suddenly—it is forever too late. Almost lasted until 1922. Almost. But not quite. And the world goes on.

Harry White, elected first corresponding secretary of the National Association of the Deaf on its organization in Cincinnati over forty years ago; Harry White, founder of two strong schools for the deaf, and author of "Law Points for Everybody;" Harry White, whose career was an endless succession of enthusiastic efforts meeting with crushing disappointment—good-bye, and good luck.

The All Angels' Christmas tree, Saturday afternoon, the 24th, saw thirty children of deaf parents receive toys from Santa C.—A. Murday. Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Flick entertained the tots with games and refreshments. That evening the adults had their turn. The Rev. Flick read Christmas service, and gave a short talk on "We should keep the Christmas Spirit." His flock presented him with a fine surprise, and everyone there received something.

The Silent A. C. held its first Christmas tree on the 25th, which was confined to members only. A good-sized crowd attended. After acting by Joe Wondra, Mrs. Meagher and her "Naddie," Santa Joe Miller gave a gift to every child of members present, and a box of nuts and candy to every member. This was voted a success.

At the same time the Pas-a-Pas was holding its annual tree in the lead. For decorations the Pas was head and shoulders ahead of the other organizations, due to the patient work of Charles Martin, R. Rountree and L. Hartung. Santa (G. Brasher) entered the room from

the skylight—the club rooms being on the top floor—which was an appreciated innovation in silent circles. There were some 250 presents for the crowd of 150. Mrs. Dick Long presented the club with a check for \$50, representing net profit from her Thanksgiving dinner.

December 17th, little "Peggy" Craig took part in a swimming meet of large proportions, serving as the bottom step of a human-stepladder swimming and diving squad. This little six-year old child of deaf parents is reckoned the most accomplished water witch in the vicinity—and Chicago holds more A. A. U. swimming and polo titles than any other city. On the same bill with "Peggy," appeared Norman Ross—world's champion all-around swimmer; Sybil Bauer, and others of international note.

Sol. Rubin, of St. Louis, is now working here. "Silent Olson" lost two out of three falls to Paul Prehn, December 20th, at Champaign, then went westward on his tour. Prehn won the Inter-Allied and A. E. F. titles at 158.

Mrs. Nels Olson (as Kate Higgins, the Queen of the "Fraternal") is undergoing treatment for rheumatism at St. John's Hospital.

The little girls of the Craigs are holidaying with relatives in Toledo. Old Edwin Brasher, over 82, and fond of telling how he went West with an emigrant wagon train and fought Indians while a boy (the only deaf man now living, that we know of, who was one of the Indian-fighting pioneers), is on the sick list.

Plans are under way to secure State Senator Rodgenberger—brother of the President of the State Association of the Deaf—to address the Chapter meeting at the Pas, January 12th.

When Mrs. Zoe Toll returned after managing the Fair and Bazaar given by the Sac ladies December 17th, it was to learn her 5-year niece had just died of Diphtheria.

Dates ahead: January 12—I. A. D. quarterly meeting at Pas; something specially good on tap. 21—Whist, All Angels. 22—Confirmation Service by Bishop Anderson, All Angels. 28—Pas, lecture, Dr. Dougherty, "The Unknown Hero Glorified."

THE MEAGHERS.

### OREGON—WASHINGTON.

Carl James has quit the Beard printing office at Port Angeles, and gone to work in a sawmill.

Harold Greenwood is still sticking to sticking type at Port Angeles.

Hey yo Arkansas lovelorn maidens: The way to a man's stomach is through his heart. Dean Horn loves possum in life so he can relish it after its death. Send him one for New Year's.

Relatives in Arkansas wrote Maybelle Martin Divine of the capture in one night of sixty-three possum and two skunks. How the mouths of those who know do water in anticipation.

Here's one on Dean Horn: He brags about the luxuriant growth in Arkansas of that delectable Dixie delicacy, the watermelon. A common specimen is as big as Dean's arms can encircle. Superintendent Lloyd is incredulous, being a native Jerseyite. So Dean fluds him self the reputed author of the story that bears eat into these water melons and use them for family dens!

Ed Langlois is still taking roasting ears of Golden Bantam sweet corn from his garden, even after the silver thaw!

One of the T. P. Clarke dogs was hit by an auto, but undamaged. However, it will keep out of the way of autos in the future.

Larrah Froses, Lynette Dougherty, Ethel Mason and Emma Ehnat, gave a rendition in graceful pantomime at the Frat social in Portland, Saturday evening.

Louis A. Divine talked on the status of the deaf before schools for them were established at the Frat Social at Portland, on Gallaudet Day.

Ed Langlois, Louis R. Divine and T. C. Mueller shingled the roof of the P. H. Divine farm house last week. The north section of the roof is about thirty-two years old, and thickly covered with moss. The southern slope had been reshingled once before, and the shingles were in bad condition from the driving rains and winds from the south, though about twenty years old.

T. C. Mueller has been sawing and splitting cordwood on the P. H. Divine farm. One log is about four feet through, and full of pitch and knots, but there are logs thirty-six feet through on the coast.

The Washingtonian is out with a photograph of the convention of the W. S. A. D. last June, and a write-up by C. A. Gumsier. It was a good number.

Superintendent Lloyd gave a talk on Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet at the Frat Social.

Jack Bertram talked about the first school for the deaf in England. Bird Lee and Dora C. Craven, W. S. Hunter and Louis A. Divine, talked of Gallaudet College days, and brought down the crowd. The social was an intellectual treat.

Born to Ed. and Ada Yorlan (late, at Tacoma, a daughter, on December 7th).

Hunters report ducks and geese packing lakes and rivers, so they just waded over and take what they want.

The W. S. S. D. will receive much needed new equipment for the shops in the future. It has a good poultry plant in the making, and with a garden, ought to be able to give instruction in poultry and plant husbandry.

Glaring headlights are a terror to autos, and a flashlight is as bad on the sidewalk. T. C. Mueller knows, for he collided with the lady companion of a man with a flashlight one night.

The purchase by Thos. P. Clarke of 600 plum trees, and by Louis A. Divine of 100, for planting, shows their faith in Clarke County prunes.

The boys and girls of the W. S. S. D. are preparing to give an entertainment in the Community Hall for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

Again do I reiterate: Stay where you are, where your friends are. The unemployed here flock a thousand to one one-man job. The work on the world's fair will be just enough to take care of part of our unemployed.

One train going south bore 500 hoboes. Sick to your job, spend less than you earn, bank it, and wait.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

T. C. MUELLER.

December 11, 1921.

Mr. Frankenheim and the N. A. D.

DEAR EDITOR—Permit me a little space to reply to a letter of Mr. Frankenheim's in the JOURNAL of November 17th. In that issue Mr. Frankenheim, who is Chairman of the De l'Epee Statue Fund of the N. A. D., says among other things: "The Knights of De l'Epee Society forms but a small part of the Catholic deaf in the United States, and in my experience with the Catholics at large, I always found them enthusiastic for the establishment of a memorial to the famous French teacher of the deaf, in America. The only thing they lacked was a good leader; but time will wake up and make a potent factor in this important matter. As long as I am the Chairman, I will see that the Catholic deaf will be given a prominent part in the dedication of the memorial to De l'Epee, providing, of course, that they had first shown themselves worthy of it."

Like many others who temporarily occupy a high position, Mr. Frankenheim assumes the position of critic. He talks about a society of which he knows very little. Presumably all his information is second hand and given by some one hostile to the Knights and Ladies De l'Epee. As a matter of fact the K. L. D. is the strongest and biggest national society of the deaf composed wholly of the deaf of one creed. Its influence is national. What other religious body could organize a similar society? At its convention in Milwaukee it was honored by the attendance of every priest working among the deaf. Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee, where the convention was held, also honored it in unusual manner.

In its own field it is supreme. Of course, there are some Catholic Deaf who are not members, but there is a reason. The members of the K. L. D. have contributed individually to the N. A. D. Statue Fund, as the lists printed in the JOURNAL have shown. They will always be glad to help the fund.

At the Buffalo Convention, held in 1912 or 1913, a suggestion was made that each council raise \$10 for the fund. Some Councils did so. So at the Baltimore Convention, four years ago, it was ascertained that only a few Councils had contributed the amount asked. There were rumors afloat that the idea of erecting a statue to the Abbe De l'Epee was to be abandoned. The money already contributed was to be turned over to some other fund. So, on motion, the Supreme Treasurer was instructed to return the \$10 to those Councils which had contributed the sum. Nothing illegal in that, because the motion, if we are not wrong, was made by a delegate from a Council which had turned in its quota. The K. L. D. had never collected a penny from individuals. Those members who wished to contribute individually, sent their money themselves, and the K. L. D. never advised any one not to contribute.

The Catholic deaf want no favors. They are not going to ask Mr. Frankenheim or any one else to give them a "prominent part" in the dedication, just because they are Catholics. We think it a little presumptuous of Mr. Frankenheim to say he will do so, if they show "themselves worthy of it." Probably by the time the statue is dedicated, Mr. Frankenheim will have nothing to say in the matter.

Those other officers of the N. A. D., besides Mr. Frankenheim, who have been parading a Catholic bugaboo in the press, might as well have saved their time. Those who

are looking so hard for flaws in others when they try to explain things generally make a mess of it. Why try to stir up religious prejudice? It is a boomerang that generally in the end swats its originator the hardest. Some men can't keep quiet. They must talk. Well, let them talk.

JAMES F. DONNELLY.

## Gallaudet College.

A "watch party" was held in the Chapel on New Year's Eve. Games were played until midnight, when the Senior Class ascended the tower to ring the old bell twenty-two times. It was a jolly, happy crowd, that made the hall ring with many a "Happy New Year!"

It's a cold, cruel world, after all. At least such is the opinion of Mr. Marty, '22. Acting in good faith, he attended a social at the Calvary Baptist Church recently, with the result that he returned home minus a perfectly good overcoat. Some sneak thief made off with it while Johnny was filling up on ice-cream.

Tuesday evening, December 27th, Chapel Hall was the gathering place of a crowd bent on finding out which of the two, the boys or the girls, possessed the best dramatic talents. Both of the plays given were "home made." The boys took the stage first giving a custard-pie comedy that produced acute indignation to a majority of the audience. The girls, however, did somewhat better with their play which exposed scenes in Fowler Hall, which have heretofore been shrouded in mystery. They pulled a heavy vote among the boys, thus winning the contest. Dr. Hall is going to treat them to an ice-cream spread in the near future, to commemorate their victory.

The old gymnasium rafters trembled not so very long ago when the Gallaudet Reserves clashed with the Gallaudet "Gym" team. The contest was nip and tuck from start to finish, affording the spectators no end of fun. With Baynes on their side, the Gym team managed to win, 27 to 25.

Miss Ella Clarkson, ex-'23, of South Carolina, has resumed her college studies as a member of the Sophomore class. We are glad to have her with us again, and hope that she will remain until her graduation day rolls 'round.

The Athletic Association has issued neat basketball programs in book form for the season 1921-1922. Those who worked to make the undertaking a success are to be congratulated, as the programs are indeed a credit to the Association.

Mr. Lahn, '24, star guard on the basketball squad, had the misfortune to have his left ankle sprained in a recent practice game. We hope he will be able to resume his playing soon, as the team will sorely miss him.

Basketball prospects among the Co-eds seems most promising this year. There is a wealth of material to choose from, and Teddy Hughes is confident of turning out a championship team. We believe him! Below is their schedule:

Jan. 21—George Washington University	
Jan. 28—National Park Seminary	
Feb. 8—Gunsonton Hall (pending)	
Feb. 11—National Park Seminary	
Feb. 18—Colonial School (pending)	
Feb. 25—George Washington University	
March 4—Colonial School (pending)	

Gallaudet (35)      Bapitol Silent (20)

Saturday evening, December 31st, Gallaudet's basketball tossers defeated the strong Capitol Silents to a tune of 35 to 20. The game was fast and furiously contested from start to finish, but better all round playing enabled our team to come out with the long end of the count. Gallaudet presented a much improved style of play over that of preceding games. The passing was fast and snappy, and field goals were registered without difficulty. Our one weakness was inability to cage the ball from the fifteen-foot mark, Capt. LaFontaine completing only one out of eight attempts.

The Silents were led by Capt. Miller and Ferguson, a Gallaudet man who was once our star slab artist, but the team, as a whole, played steady, aggressive ball. They were superior to us in one respect, namely, shooting goals from the foul line.

For Gallaudet, Boatwright, Seipp and Wallace played the most impressive game, while Miller, Ferguson and Johnston did the best work for the Silents.

### Line-up and summary:

Gallaudet		Capitol Silents
Seipp	R. P.	Johnston
Boatwright	L. F.	Miller
LaFontaine	C.	Ferguson
Wallace	L. G.	Sullivan
Danofsky	R. G.	Scott

Substitution, Gallaudet—Baynes for Danofsky, Danofsky for Boatwright, Boatwright for Danofsky. Field goals—Seipp (4), Boatwright (5), LaFontaine (5), Danofsky (1), Baynes (2), Miller (3), Johnston (3), Ferguson (2). Foul goals—LaFontaine (1 out of 2), Miller (6 out of 14). Referee—Mr. Hughes.

### Death of Charles J. Poole.

Charles J. Poole, born in or near Bristol, England, 64 years ago, August tenth last, died in his room at 315 Carr Street, Los Angeles, at the noon hour Saturday, December 17th. Cause of death, suicidal strangulation.

Two years ago Mr. Poole came to the Los Angeles Silent Club, and the writer of these lines met him and immediately found in him a very unusual deaf-mute. He was not familiar with our signs and the one-hand alphabet, he used the two-hand English symbols. He said he had heard of me and was glad of the opportunity to meet me. I found him to be a man highly versed in history, literature, the fine arts, astronomy, sociology and the theories of Darwin. He was a wood carver by trade, and a Socialist.

Of a retiring and studious nature, he did not mingle much with others outside of two or three newly formed friends, and had practically nothing to do with the deaf other than the writer and his wife, Alice T. Terry. We understood him and could talk to him by the alphabet, and as we grew to know him better he frequently wrote us long letters, which gave a wonderful outline of his views on life and his attitude towards the present and general social system. He was antagonistic to the general run of human affairs, and his constant studies along the lines above mentioned seemed to have created in him a fearful pessimism that clouded his life. He repeatedly told his friends that he had no desire to live.

The above state of mind was probably brought on not only from his studies, but also from his hard and unhappy childhood in England, where, he told us, he was a slave, a toiler without pay, save a bare existence meted out to him by his master through years of apprenticeship. He learned wood carving in all its details and intricate art, and was a master carver. Without instruction he became an excellent painter on canvas, and aside from this, his writings are wonderfully well done for a mute—he lost his hearing at the age of eight. His command of English in both his fearful and his beautiful moods is astonishing, as instance some of his letters in our possession. I cannot help but look upon Charles Poole as something of a genius.

In the summer of 1920 he found himself in possession of over \$3000, all his own, earning and the result of his thrifty and methodical habits. Then he lost his job and began to brood. For a year he was unable to secure employment, and the refusals of those he approached, on the grounds of age and deafness, only tended to aggravate his depression and to bring on a desire to leave this earth. He now began to prepare for his end, and gave away large sums of money to divers associations and for those causes which interested him. One of his last donations was in the form of \$500 in stocks to the Nad, in which he had become interested as a result of our friendship. His life has been one of ceaseless wrongs against him, both as an orphan and as a deaf man, and the cause of the deaf brought out his keenest sympathies.

Mr. Poole made several calls on us right up to near the day of his death. He told us he had made a will. Letters reaching us the day after his death brought the key to his safe deposit box and a copy of his will. Everything was turned to Mrs. Alice T. Terry, to be used at her discretion for the best interests of the deaf. He left no property, only personal effects and enough cash to cover funeral expenses.

Mr. Poole was a member of the Wood Carvers' Union; he never married.

Very little could be got from Mr. Poole as to his personal history, he always saying that his life was too bitter to be repeated, that his sufferings and loneliness were deep and keen. As a man of high talent and splendid education, he failed to appreciate himself, and his retiring nature prevented his becoming a man of real usefulness among the deaf. That his sufferings were not a make-believe, a whim for sympathy, but those of a superior person borne down by the lesser creatures about him, there is no doubt, and as I come to the close of this brief notice of a truly kind, generous and noble man, this verse from Adonais—Shelley's great elegy on the death of Keats, comes instantly to my mind:

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night  
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again:  
From the contagion of the world's slow strain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn."

Mr. Poole was, by his own wish, cremated. His funeral was attended by two officers of his union, the writer, and Mrs. Terry.

Howard L. Terry.  
1348 Martel Ave.,  
Los Angeles.

### Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.  
J. W. MICHAELS,  
Fort Smith, Ark.



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the best.

### CHRISTMAS AT ST. ANN'S

St. Ann's Church was beautifully decorated for the Christmas season. Evergreen trees and wreaths were tastefully placed and festooned, and high above the sanctuary a big "Star of Bethlehem" shone with brilliant white electric lights with a central bulb of red. On either side of the altar were the sentences in letters of old English type "Glory be to God in the highest," and "Peace on earth, good will towards men." The letters were admirable in the artistic skill in which they were cut, painted and arranged. They were the work of Mr. Henry F. M. Pace. He also did much of the decorating of the Guild room.

There were good congregations on both Christmas and New Year's Day, and Rev. Mr. Kent preached eloquent and inspiring sermons. The Christmas Tree for the children brought parents and little tots to the number of nearly two hundred. The joy and amazement of the little ones was touching to witness. They all received presents from Santa Claus (Mr. Pfandler), and his assistant (Mr. Renner), who was costumed, rouged and merry, but minus a snowy beard. Mr. Charles Wiemuth looked captivated in his six feet of uniformed stature, and kept the lines in order with a firm but benignant hand. Mr. Funk and Miss Elsie Grossman also aided in scattering good cheer from the Guild Room stage, while Mr. Chas. C. McManis dealt out oranges with a lavish hand. Of course, Rev. Mr. Kent was bright and busy in helping things along. After the little ones were served the big boys and girls received presents. Altogether it was a merry festival.

Fully two hundred were at the Watch Night festival, and passed the hours from eight till midnight in games and dancing. Refreshments were served to all, and a few minutes before twelve fancy caps, toy balloons, etc., were handed out, and at the stroke of twelve everybody welcomed the New Year with joy and gaiety.

Prof. and Mrs. George M. Te garden, of Edgewood, Pa., have been visiting their daughter, Miss Alice, during the Christmas holidays, and on Thursday evening, December 29th, were given a reception at their daughter's home on Washington Heights. Several old-time friends were invited, among them Mr. Teegarden's classmate at Gallaudet College, Prof. Wm. G. Jones. The other member of the famous class of 1876, is the deaf-mute polyglot, Prof. Dudley Webster George, of the Illinois Institution, who can wiggle his fingers in seven or eight different languages.

During the evening, the company at the reception exercised their brains in solving puzzles with intervals of conversational relaxation, if you know what I mean. Mrs. Nies and Mr. Jones won prizes in the games. At ten-thirty a delicious supper was served in the dining room, and it was midnight when the party dispersed. Miss Teegarden was assisted by Misses Scofield and Espy in entertaining the company. Those present besides Prof. and Mrs. Teegarden and their daughter Alice, were Dr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Fox, Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Nies, Rev. John H. Kent, Miss Scofield, Miss Espy, Prof. and Mrs. W. G. Jones, Edwin A. Hodgson.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Leopold Breslauer and Miss Ray Rosen, a hearing lady, which occurred on December 19th, at the home of the groom, Rev. Dr. Barnett A. Elzas officiating. After the marriage, which was private, the couple left for Atlantic City, on their honeymoon. The deaf lovers of sport and victory will recall the hundreds of victories scored by the great Leo of the cinder path. Representing his club, Clark House A. A., he has won for himself some twenty or more cups, trophies, silver or gold medals, and how many prizes the writer can not get a faint idea of the number, probably over three hundred. At the indoor track meet under the auspices of the Men's Club of St. Ann's Church, held in the 22d Regiment Armory a couple of years ago, Leo proved that he was still as speedy on his legs as in his palmy days, but pitted against younger and better trained men, he came in second in the 100-yard dash. The happy couple are living somewhere in Harlem, and Leo can be seen breaking new records each night on his way home from work to reach his prize of prizes. Here's lots of luck to you, Leo, and your happy bride.

### H. A. D. NOTES.

A straight from the shoulder talk, entitled "Our Difficulties," was the subject given by Rev. A. J. Amateau at the Friday evening service on December 30th. Rev.

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

December 31, 1921.—The Gallaudet Home correspondent in the JOURNAL issue of the 15 inst., wishes to know the size of the men's new building at the Ohio Home, which will soon be occupied. We have not its dimensions at hand. It is a two-story building with basement and attic, these two latter extending the length and width of the structure. On the first floor are first the living room 31' x 13'5". Back of it on the south side come the linen room, hospital and a room for two beds. On the north side, back of the living room is the caretaker's room followed by two other rooms each large enough for two beds.

The second floor has a bath room and eight other rooms, one sufficiently large enough to contain three beds, one bed and the others two beds each. As designed, provisions are made for housing twenty-two men, exclusive of the caretaker.

There is a basement under the entire building, part of it will be used as a laundry, and it also contains the heating system and storage for coal.

Each of the rooms has a radiator and a closet.

The latest we have from the Home is that the painters are putting the finishing touches on the floor.

The Gallaudet Home correspondent wonders what the "reservoir" at the back of the building is for? He probably mistakes it for a swimming place or a body of water. But if he will consult his dictionary, he will find that the word signifies also a cistern. That is what the reservoir at the rear of the building really is, for in it is collected all the rain that falls upon the roof of the building, by means of pipes, and will be used in the laundry.

Only eight pupils were left at the school out of the five hundred that went home to spend the Christmas vacation.

Mr. William Friend's natal day is December 25th, so his good life made it merry for him by preparing a turkey dinner, and having some relatives present to make merry the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. John Young, of Orient, and Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Kingry, of this city, were the guests. By the way, Mr. Friend is taking his vacation now, as with December 1st all hands in keeping Greenlawn Cemetery grounds in proper condition are relieved till April 1st.

Mr. J. B. Arnold, of Seneca, O., is spending the holidays with a sister in Columbus. He enjoys the change, for he finds plenty of company here to talk with, while down in the country life is somewhat monotonous, especially during the winter season.

The Zell family went down to Dayton, O., in their auto Saturday, spending Christmas with relatives. They returned Thursday afternoon.

The writer's family held a reunion from December 23d to date. Their son, George, was home from Boston, Mr. and Mrs. John K. Sherman and five children from Grand Rapids, Mich., and Mr. Kridler and two children from Toledo. All have left except the son, who will leave for New York Monday. The residents of the Home had a jolly time Christmas Eve. Mr. Elmer Elsey set up and decorated a Christmas tree in the Assembly room, and after supper the room was thrown open to the old folks and guests, and then Santa Claus, in the person of Mr. George Clum, came forth from his secluded place loaded down with packages. These went later to the persons for whom intended. None of them were forgotten, several received more than they could carry to their rooms without assistance. There was a picket fence around the tree, and within the enclosure were different objects such as seen in a park. These had been made by George Kinkel, who has a knack of doing such things. Mr. Grigsby also remembered the lady residents with Christmas cards. The Columbus Ladies' Aid Society and the Advance Society remembered each of the residents with an appropriate gift, and the nieces of Mrs. Banks Dakin, Mrs. Hall and daughter, of Columbus, and Miss Mamie Robinson, of Bridgeport, who visited her on Monday, presented handkerchiefs to the men and aprons to the ladies.

After the Christmas Eve entertainment the raffle of rug made by Mr. Raymond was held. Tickets were ten cents a chance. Sooy Dresback, of Johnstown, was the lucky ticketholder. He came for his prize the next day. Nearly ten dollars worth of tickets were sold, half of which went to the Home, the other half to Mr. Raymond.

Quite a number of residents received gifts from their home friends, Mrs. Pratt, a fine sweater from her grand daughter, Miss Nellie Liddsey, the linotype pupil of the Chronicle office, spent her Christmas at home in Bellefontaine. Joy was mingled with sadness at her home, for her father slipped on the ice and had the misfortune to break a hip bone. Happy New Year to JOURNAL readers. A. B. G.

## OMAHA.

Joe Weudt, who has been working at one of the Rubber Tire factories for the past several months, left Saturday night, December 10th, for Tulsa, Okla., on account of being laid off here and no work in sight. We are sorry to lose him and he will be missed.

The Mid-west Chapter of the G. C. A. A. was host to a large crowd at a Public meeting in the Nebraska School Auditorium, Saturday evening, December 10th, in celebration of the birthday of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. The program is as follows:—

### GALLAUDET DAY PROGRAM

Given by the Mid-west Chapter of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association at the Omaha School for the Deaf December 10, 1921.

Poem . . . . . Mrs. Oscar Treuke  
Remarks by . . . . . Mr. F. W. Booth  
Pioneer in the Education of the Deaf . . . . . Mr. F. C. Holway  
Gallaudet's Time . . . . . Mrs. Alva Hurt  
Remarks by . . . . . Mr. E. A. Gruver  
The Deaf in Foreign Countries . . . . . Mr. Tom L. Anderson  
The Industrial Status of the Deaf . . . . . Mr. Edwin Hazel  
Poem . . . . . Miss Cecilia Birk

Mrs. Treuke's rendition of Mrs. Olaf Hanson's poem, "Hail Gallaudet," was well received. Mr. Holway's paper was interesting and amusing, while Mrs. Hurt held the full attention of all by her "short and sweet" address. Tom L. Anderson carried off the blue ribbon on a subject that was new to us. He made his audience feel thankful they were living in the good old United States of America, and Mr. Hazel was at home on the platform and gave some interesting examples of successful deaf workers. Miss Cecilia Birk ended the program with Dr. Schuyler Long's, "On Gallaudet's Birthday," in graceful signs that did full justice to the words. Superintendent Gruver brought on the laughs, when he declared that Superintendent Booth was to blame for his lack of familiarity with signs, as Mr. Booth had promised him once to teach him signs, but had never given him the lesson, so he asked him to interpret, which Mr. Booth did in clear and graceful signs.

We learn of the death of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wieseman. They have our sympathy.

The Omaha Frats, with their wives, sweethearts, and a few invited guests, held their annual banquet, Friday evening, December 16th, at the Hotel Rome, in the beautiful banquet hall, where covers were laid for forty-five. The attendance this year was larger than the year before. Below is the menu and program of toasts:—

### MENU

"Heaven sends us good meats; but the devil sends us cooks."  
Celery . . . . . Pickles  
Cream of Tomato  
Filet Mignon . . . . . French Fried Potatoes  
Combination Salad  
Cocoanut Cream Pie  
Hot Biscuits  
Coffee

### TOASTS

"Thence to the famous orators repair."  
Toastmaster . . . . . Bro. H. G. Long  
"Suit the action to the word and the word to the action."  
Our Anniversary . . . . . Bro. Lawrence James  
"Let us fill the cup that clears  
Today of past regrets and future fears."  
"A Response of Gratitude" . . . . . Mrs. O. M. Treuke  
"Gratitude is one of the rarest virtues."  
The Get-One Degree . . . . . Bro. R. Ed. Anthony  
"The foe that hurts me not, I never fear—  
The friend that helps me not, is never dear."  
The Circle Within The Circle . . . . . Mrs. J. Schuyler Long  
"The faults of our brothers, we write in the sand.  
Their good names unsullied, strive always to save."  
Our Divisions . . . . . Bro. A. L. Johnson  
"A whole is the sum of all its parts."  
"Preparation" . . . . . Mrs. Thos. Scott Cuscaden  
"For the future is of more consequence than the past."  
Life Insurance Up-to-date . . . . . Bro. Edwin Hazel  
"Money makes up in a measure for all other wants of men."  
The Spirit of Brotherhood . . . . . Bro. E. S. Waring  
"May our eyes be no keener when we look upon the faults of others than when we survey our own."  
"The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve."

Bro. Lawrence James being unable to attend, the toastmaster chose Bro. J. Schuyler Long to fill his place, and he did full justice to the subject, then followed Mrs. Oscar M. Treuke's rendition of a beautiful poem, "A Response of Gratitude" echoed the sentiments expressed in the poem. Mrs. Harry G. Long took Bro. R. E. Anthony's place with a good toast on the "Get one Degree." Next the "Circle within the Circle," by Mrs. J. Schuyler Long, who gave her idea of "The Inner Circle" was appropriate to her subject. Bro. A. L. Johnson followed on "Our Divisions," and gave a

comparison of other divisions" and how they have grown. Mrs. T. Scott Cuscaden's poem, "Preparation," was well delivered, and reminded the members of their preparation for loved ones and the future. Bro. Edwin Hazel had a broad subject and therefore plenty to say. Bro. Waring gave several reasons to show why the modern spirit is the Spirit of Brotherhood.

"Mrs. Booth and Miss Trentham entertained at a lovely luncheon in the matron's parlor, on the evening of November 17th, in honor of the newly-weds, Mr. and Mrs. T. Scott Cuscaden. Those present besides the hostesses and honored guests, were Mr. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Treuke, Misses Kuta, Marion Booth and Mrs. Blankenship."—*Nebraska Journal*.

"Dick Bingham belongs to the class of careful auto drivers, but he had an accident which, happily, did not result seriously. He was returning home from a call at the Kellys near Fort Calboun, one Sunday afternoon. In the car with him were Mrs. Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Mack and daughter. They took a new route, an unusually narrow one with a deep embankment on either side. The auto kept sliding more to one side, as autos will. It was when Dick relaxed just for a moment his hold on the wheel that the car slid down the embankment. But for the trees that lined the road the car might have turned somersaults several times, and the occupants might have been seriously injured. They were surprisingly calm when they found themselves in that fix."—*Neb. Journal*.

HAL.

### A DEAF POET.

The following is extracted from the San Mateo News-Leader and is written by Pansy J. Abbott:—

Laura Catherine Redden Searing, a literary light of a generation ago known as "Howard Glyndon," is spending the declining years of her life in San Mateo at the home of her only daughter, Mrs. John L. McGinn, in San Mateo Park. Years of invalidism now necessitate her being a recluse from society, finding her only joy in the simple outdoor life of the garden with her grandchildren, Laura and John, Jr., and sharing the love and comforts of her devoted family.

A life that reads like a tragic tale is hers—a handicap of ill-health in childhood, over which she triumphed to become an internationally known woman, she is now spending the twilight of a busy life deprived of hearing and speech, so it is her diary and the stories recounted by her daughter which give insight into that remarkable career.

Born in Somerset County, Maryland, she traces her lineage to Sir William Waller, one of the original owners of Maryland, and farther back to Edmund Waller, a wit and poet of the days of Cromwell. In early childhood her parents moved to Missouri, and it was there she was stricken with the illness which left her deaf and practically speechless.

Educated in special schools, she finally learned to speak again, but with a certain high-pitched tone, marked by a hesitancy that rather pleased than offended the ears of others. During her early childhood her father's financial losses necessitated her earning her own living, so she, who had written poetry for the love of verse, turned to writing as means of self-support. A contributor to magazines such as Harper's, Galaxy, Putnam's, the Silent Worker, etc., and a correspondent for the New York Sun and certain Western religious papers, she devoted leisure moments to voicing through verse.

Her work led to many enriching experiences in life, such as years in Washington, D. C., as a press representative, where she became the friend of such men as Abraham Lincoln and General Grant, and wrote a book, "Notable Men of the House of Representatives," she being a familiar figure in political circles.

Her criticisms concerning certain persons in public life led to an investigation as to her identity. "Howard Glyndon," her nom de plume being the signature under which she wrote at that time, and her critics found her a mere girl 19 years and attempted to make light of her remarks. However, such tended to fire rather than dampen her political ardor, and she later wrote "Belle Missouri," the war song of her adopted state in answer to "Maryland, My Maryland." During the war she accompanied General Grant on a visit to the battlefields, a privilege accorded no other woman at that time.

Her visit in Europe after the war allowed her an opportunity to see court life in Spain, Italy and France. She was at Eugenie's court for a long time, and also spent months in gathering material for a report for the United States Bureau of Agriculture on the orange and silk culture of Italy. Being able to speak several languages fluently, she was able to enjoy the friendship of distinguished men women in the literary world in the European capitals, and those years were filled with happy memories.

Returning home, she spent two

years at the Clark Institute for speech and lip reading, and it was while there that she definitely contributed to Professor Bell's invention of the telephone, as she recounted her personal experiences in the transmission of sound waves. Introspective by nature, her days were filled with busy hours, writing poetry which reflect the inner life of the gifted woman. Her marriage to Edward W. Searing, a prominent attorney of New York, was a notable event, and the guests at that wedding numbered the celebrities of the literary world. John Greenleaf Whittier and Joaquin Miller, not being able to be present, sent autographed books, which today are among the treasured gifts of the long ago.

After a honeymoon of travel, New York became the home, until later Mrs. Searing's health demanded a change, and she came to California, selecting the picturesque seaside resort, Santa Cruz, for their new home. It was while living there that she wrote "Hills of Santa Cruz," a poem described by Whittier as "fine in conception and felicitous in execution, it will cling to the Santa Cruz mountains forever." Upon her physician's advice, a long sea voyage was ordered, and while in Alaska her daughter met and married John L. McGinn, assistant district attorney.

A woman of wide literary attainments, Mrs. Searing possessed a wealth of mother love, given expression in a group of dainty bits of verse recounting each phase of "Baby Elsa's" (Mrs. McGinn) life, and finally failing rapidly in strength, one day in 1907 she penned her last lines, rather prophetic words fraught with meaning and as it were farewell.

O hush thee, hush thee, heart;  
Lie still within my lonely breast,  
For soon shall come a time when thou  
And I shall be laid well at rest.  
There must be fairer fields for us  
Beyond the mists of human ken.

### WASHINGTON, D. C.

Winter began to herald into this city at noon of December 21st, and in the evening it fiercely stormed on time and full of vigor, the thermometer read 20 degrees above zero, though the members of the "Lit" braved it and attended the monthly meeting at the Masonic Temple on 8th and F. N. E., of which Mr. Hannan is the president. Miss Leith and Mrs. Colby were admitted as new members. Mr. Bryant was induced to give a lecture on "Battle of Gettysburg," which all listened to from the beginning to finish.

Mr. Bryant is truly an orator, though a modest minister. He drew a map of the battlefield and showed the members the places where the North and South fought. He delivered an eminently practical address, he having visited the battlefield some summers ago. The "Lit" was surely served a splendid purpose in securing a man of the calibre of Rev. Mr. Bryant to talk on this subject so interestingly.

Mr. Marshall, a la "Arbuckle," was next on the program—when called he took off his coat and they thought he was to challenge a fight, but oh, my, no, he was just to act the "Submarine" and for fear his tight-fitting Sunday coat might burst he started reciting dramatically with his coat off, and had the deaf all laughing with his signs, "Canon," "Torpedo," "Shipwreck," "devil," for quite some time. It will be remembered that this gentleman recited "Yankee Doodle" in an Indian costume at the Detroit N. A. D. Convention. The "Lit" will meet again at the same place on the third Wednesday evening of January. Washington must be proud of the "Lit," which is the oldest organized society. It has more than fifty steady members. The hall is somewhat large and it has everything it requires. The visitors from out-of-town are always cordially welcome to this society.

The most important event of the past few weeks was the commemoration of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's birthday, that was held at the Calvary Baptist Church, Friday evening, December 9th, given by the young people of the church, with the aid of Rev. and Mrs. Bryant. It was enjoyed by all that came far from and near.

Over the mantel in the hall was a big flag which brightened the audience. Dr. Hall, President of Gallaudet College, being speaker of the evening, had full knowledge of the life and works of Gallaudet and the deaf. When he took the floor, he was given an ovation.

Doctor Hall without question is one of the most notable lecturers. He talked without the motion of his lips, as if he himself were deaf. It is noticed that he has his hobby—starting with his right hand in signs and left when he spells. Doctor Hall is a tall man and of fine appearance. His wife is deaf and his love for the deaf is characteristic. The play of the life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and the school scene was very skillful and quite entertaining. The portrayals were talented, and they should receive congratulations for their hard work. Mr. Gerald Ferguson, who impersonated Thomas Hopkins

Gallaudet, spelled left handed, and the audience were wondering if our Benefactor Gallaudet did the same. Division No. 46, N. F. S. D., has chosen the following board of officers for 1922: President, W. P. Souder; Vice-President, W. E. Marshall; Secretary, Gerald Ferguson; Assistant Secretary, Wesley Lauritsen; Treasurer, R. O. Scott; Director, B. L. Zimmerman; Patriarch, J. T. Flood; Sergeant-at-Arms, John Miller; and Trustee, E. J. McIlvane.

These officials will be installed at a public ceremonial at Northeast Masonic Temple, the evening of January 4th.

By introduction, Mr. Arthur Tucker, of Richmond, Va., gave a deliverance on "Christianity," at the Calvary Baptist Church, Sunday evening, December 18th, to a good-sized audience.

It is more than joy to report that the St. Barnabas (Protestant Episcopal) Mission to the Deaf, of which Rev. Henry J. Pulver is the missionary, has secured the Parish Hall of St. John's Church, 16th and H Streets, (opposite the White House). Services will be held every Sunday at 11 A.M., commencing New Year's Day, Sunday, January 1st.

Services on the first and third Sundays will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Pulver, the missionary; those on the other Sundays by the Lay-Reader, Mr. J. N. Orman. Holy Communion will be celebrated on the first Sunday of each month; on the other Sundays the Litany, Ante-Communion and Morning Prayer, will be read in the sequence named.

Mr. Orman is a student of the Gallaudet College, and a college correspondent of the JOURNAL.

Is the mistletoe a plant parasite or a green leafy plant? It seems that the mistletoe would rather live off of the tree. Perhaps the gentle readers know that the Welsh name for Christmas is Nadolig. The French call Christmas "Noel," the Dutch name is "Kersmis," the German "Wahnachfest."

"Yule" is the Scandinavian name for Christmas. Father Christmas is a traditional English figure. Santa Claus is of German origin.

The custom of Christmas presents is said to have originated from the gifts of gold frankincense and myrrh brought by the wise men to Christ. It is said that, as written "Hark, the herald angels sing," in the well known Christmas hymn, was "Hark, how all the welkin rings!" The Armenian Christmas still keeps Christmas day on January 6th.

Herman H. Kohn, of East Akron, Ohio, lives at 1319 Girard Street. Now he is visiting New York for the holidays.

Miss Nellie Lake, a charming young lady, is here, staying with her relatives. She admires this city and its surroundings, and has decided to seek a position here. Good luck to you.

Mr. Ray Allen and his sweet-faced wife were seen regularly at the socials and meetings. Mr. Allen is a carpenter by trade. They both are the products of the Kendall School.

The following clipping is taken from the *Detroit Free Press* of December 10th:

By way of showing taxpayers the their amount of labor requisite to performance of the apparent miracle of teaching deaf-mutes to speak, the apparatus involved and space required, the committee of education of the Board of Commerce had teachers of the Detroit Day School for Deaf give a demonstration of class work in the board's auditorium, Monday evening.

Beginning with a kindergarten class of youngsters, who could not pronounce a single word, the teachers showed all processes, up to the eighth grade, when pupils are ready to take their place in the public schools.

The hearing of the children is tested by unfolding them and having them listen to the notes of an accordion. By practicing this constantly, those who have any hearing at all find it gradually improving, teachers said. The upper notes seem to be most difficult for the pupils to catch. They then are taught to pronounce letters by blowing out candles. Their hearing still is further cultivated by having them lay a hand on a piano to catch the vibrations and describe, by strokes on the blackboard, the notes they have heard. Little by little, the children can move away from the piano and still catch the vibrations, until, in the end, they can march and dance, keeping perfect time, it was said.

Lip-reading, oral reading, and spelling are taught them, until the final class night, as far as an outsider can distinguish, be composed of young people without handicap as to speech and hearing. Dr. John S. Hall, chairman of the committee on education, and Frank Cody, superintendent of public schools, emphasized the need for a special school for instruction of the deaf and the hard of hearing, and asked support of the people for the project.

MRS. C. C. COLBY.  
1647 Lamont, N. W.



## How Rubies Are Mined.

VALUABLE UNCUT STONES NOT EASILY DISTINGUISHABLE.

From Burma come the finest rubies in the world, of that brilliant carmine color called pigeon blood. They are found only in one district north of Mandalay, high up in the mountains and sixty miles east of the Irrawaddy.

Here in a vast and fertile plain lies Mogok, a native town built up on and surrounded by ruby-bearing earth.

The whole valley was once the bed of a great lake, and this wide extent of precious alluvial deposit is being systematically searched for rubies.

The first view of the mine is disappointing. It resembles the excavation made for the foundation of a house, except that it extends over many acres. Along the level bottom of the mine, some thirty or forty feet below you, run trolley lines in all directions.

Diggers with pick and shovel attack the sides of the mine and fill the trolleys with the fallen earth. This is then hauled up to the top and cast into revolving drums filled with water. By this means the earth is washed away, leaving only rocks and shingle, and, perhaps, rubies.

This is next passed through a wire mesh to separate rock and rubble from the small shingle among which the precious stones will be found.

So far not a single ruby has been seen. The naut ruby is not easily distinguishable among the mass of shingle, which has to be carefully sorted.

The sorters who carry out this responsible duty are all Englishmen. Each sits at a table on which is a small locked box with a hole in the top. Coolies carrying buckets of shingle pass down the line and pour some onto each table. The sorters, armed with a piece of tin with a straight edge, begins at once to scrape the shingle off the table onto the floor. This is done little by little, quickly yet carefully. Every now and again his trained eye discerns a glint of color in the mass of rubbish and a stone is picked up and dropped into the locked box.

Every evening the contents of the boxes are locked up in a great safe, and on Saturday the week's haul is examined by the manager.

Seated before a big tray of polished brass, the stones, which have already been roughly sorted, are poured out for inspection.

First come rubies and spinels, so alike in color (though not in value) that only a practiced eye can distinguish them. The box is turned upside down and a brilliant cascade of carmine gems, glinting and glistening in the sunshine, scatters over the polished brass. It is a sight to make a millionaire's mouth water.

When these have been counted and put back in the safe, it is the turn of the sapphires to fall on the tray in a shower of blue—every shade of blue from pale ultramarine to dark indigo shimmering in the sunlight.

Last of all come the odds and ends and freak stones, often beautiful in coloring but of little value.

All the week's haul is then sent to England to be sold, sixty miles through mountain and jungle before the Irrawaddy is reached.

## I AM THE PRINTER

I am he who whose facile hands transform the thoughts of men into solid substance. I stand, keen-eyed and eager hearted, beside my mighty, rumbling presses, that I may blazon to all the world the loves and hates, the sins and sorrows, the never-ending story of the life and death of humankind.

The fruits of my toil give comfort to the aged and honest pleasure to little children; the monarch in his palace, the pauper in his hovel, alike turn to me in common understanding.

Through my faithful hands must pass, to be inscribed upon time's deathless scroll, the valiant deeds of the warrior, the ringing phrases of the statesman, the matchless cadence of the poet's song. Without my handiwork, history could be but transient, and language but the pagan's snarl.

I have given to humanity the heroic saga of civilization's march, and to the heathen in far-flung jungles I have helped to send the words of the Redeemer. The product of my hand and brain is the life blood of modern business; yet did I serve Confucius when the world was young.

I am the scrivener who chronicles your daily life; your books, your poems, your music—each must come to me to win their lasting fame.

I am he who will leave for posterity the record of our times, even as I have stamped on history's pages the record of the times now gone.

I am the preserver of every art and science.

I am the disciple of Gutenberg, of Caxton, and of Franklin.

I am the printer.—Ez.

## A CURIOUS BUSINESS

A correspondent of the Boston Herald tells of a woman beekeeper in Auburn, Maine, who for more than a quarter of a century has derived a good income, not from marketing the honey, but from selling the stings. Manufacturing drug gists buy them, for each sting contains an infinitesimal quantity of formic acid, which druggists extract and sell.

When the woman begins the day's work she lights a peculiar lamp, which throws off a dense smoke. That stupefies the bees, and she collects in a box as many as she thinks she will need for the day. She works in her dining room with all the curtains drawn except the one at the window before which she sits. Firmly fixed in front of her is a high-powered magnifying glass.

She opens the box, gives it a shake, and the bees come out. The light of the window in front of her attracts them, and they swarm upon it. She reaches out with her left hand, plucks a bee from the window and, holding it under the glass, takes a small pair of tweezers in her right hand and draws the sting. She drops the sting into a cup of sugar of milk in order to preserve it. Then she kills the bee by dropping it into a cup of soap suds, for a stingless bee is of no worth in the world. The stings are shipped in glass bottles that hold five hundred each. The woman keeps count of the stings that she draws each day. On the average she daily draws about nine hundred. The greatest number she ever drew in one day is fifteen hundred. Once she took the stings from one thousand bees in three hours.

## INSECTS GIVE US SHELLAC

Shellac is the joint product of insect and plants and comes from India. The lac insect are about 1-35 of an inch long, a bright red in color. They suck the juices of plants, digest them and exude them in the form of resin, which soon encases the whole insect. When the young insect have swarmed out, the resin is scraped from the branches, ground, washed, mixed with colophony and orpiment, cooked slowly and drawn out into the thin sheets we know as shellac.

The wolves of Russia are the cause of death to hundreds of children and travelers every winter.

## Dioceses of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 9:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 9:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 9:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 9:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 9:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Gold and other meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

## I OWN AND OFFER

\$7,000

PHILADELPHIA COMPANY

6% Series A due 1944

96 and interest

\$3,000

CITY OF RIO DE JANEIRO

8% Sinking Fund due 1946

101 and interest

\$5,000

ST. LOUIS-SAN FRANCISCO

RAILWAY CO.

6% Series C due 1950

95% and interest

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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAIL-

ROAD CO.

6% Secured due 1929

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\$1,000

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

OF CANADA

6% Debentures due 1936

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THE NEW YORK EDISON

COMPANY

6% Series A due 1941

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Prices subject to prior sales.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Correspondent of

LEE, HIGGINSON & CO.

## DO A GOOD TURN AND HAVE A GOOD TIME

## Basketball & Dance

HUDSON CO. BRANCH  
Versus  
TRENTON, N. J. BRANCH  
**N. A. D.**

AT PEOPLE'S PALACE

Bergen Ave. and Forrest St., Jersey City

Sat. Ev'g, Feb. 11, 1922

Admission: Ladies 35c; Gents 50c

From Summit Ave. Tube Sta. take bus "Bergen" direct to Palace, or C. R. R. of N. J. from New York and Newark and get off at Jackson Ave. Sta., Jersey City. Walk 2 blocks to Forrest St. Committee reserve all rights

Hoo-oo-oo!

## THE OWLS' Entertainment

—AT—

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

February 21, 1922

ADMISSION . . . . 35 CENTS

## WHIST PARTY

FOR THE

Benefit of the Building Fund

—AT—

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

Saturday, April 22, 1922

at 8 o'clock P.M.

Admission . . . . 35 cents

PRIZES

ANTHONY C. REIFF, Chairman.

## AN INVITATION TO

The National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

TO MEET IN DENVER IN 1927



## Season's Greetings

Fulfillment of all that you hold dear, may you realize this coming year, is the wish of Denver Division. The boosters for the 1927 Convention.

## St. Valentine Party

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Johnny Willets Social Club

Proceeds for a Club Room

TO BE HELD AT

WAVERLEY HALL

Waverley and Myrtle Avenues

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday, February 11th, 1922

at 7:30 o'clock

TICKETS, . . . . 35 CENTS

Come one, come all. Bring your friends. This promises to be the best and most interesting affair in Brooklyn.

Committee reserves all rights.

## Investment Bonds

Government

Railroad

Public Utility

Industrial

Samuel Frankenheim

18 WEST 107th STREET

NEW YORK CITY

## SAFETY

Paying an Income of

From 4% to 8%

DENOMINATIONS OF

\$100 \$500 \$1000

SATISFACTION

Member of

National Association of the Deaf

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

New England Gallaudet Association

Correspondent of

Lee, Higginson & Company

## POSTPONED!

Date will be announced soon.

## Athletic Tournament

under the auspices of

Hebrew Association of the Deaf

—AT—

S. W. J. D. BUILDING

40-44 West 115th Street

BOXING—WRESTLING—GYMNASTICS

Professional and Amateur talent will appear. . . . .

Medals will be awarded to the winners of boxing and wrestling events. Send entries to Chairman Athletic Committee, 40-44 West 115th Street.

ADMISSION, . . . . 50 CENTS

(Including wardrobe)

## Dramatic Entertainment

"THE PATRIOT"

OR

THE SPIRIT OF 1776

A tale of the American Revolution.

—AT—

St. Ann's Church

511 West 148th Street

Saturday Evening, Feb. 11, 1922

Additional Details Later.

## APRON AND NECKTIE PARTY

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

—O—

ST. MARK'S CHAPEL

230 Adelphi Street

Saturday Evening, Feb. 18, 1922

—O—

Come and join the fun, bring your friends.

Admission, . . . . 25 Cents

(including refreshments)

COMMITTEE:

Miss A. C. Kugeler, Chairman

Miss E. Aderson Mr. R. Anderson

Miss E. Caddy Mr. R. A. Kerstetter

Mrs. Harry Leibsohn Mr. Lange

## SECOND ANNUAL GAMES

—OF THE—

FANWOOD ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

## TRACK AND FIELD MEET

TUESDAY, MAY 30, 1922

## \$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

Note—The amount of \$50 reserved for Prizes will be divided for costumes judged to be the most Unique, Original, Handsome and Comical.

## FANCY DRESS BALL

[MASKS ALLOWED.]

GIVEN BY THE

Clark Deaf-Mutes' A. A.

## FLORAL GARDEN

North East Corner Broadway and 146th St.

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, January 14th, 1922

MUSIC BY SWEYD

ADMISSION, . . . . 75 CENTS

[Including Wardrobe.]

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS

B. Friedwald, Chairman

Fred Haberstroh

Ludwig Fischer

James H. Manning

John P. Hoff

Peter Kempf

Philip Hoenig

Joseph Worzel

Irving Blumenthal

Joseph Zeiss

Edward Baum

## SOMETHING NEW AND AMUSING

## Indoor Field Athletics and Games

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

## Woman's Parish Aid Society

FOR THE BUILDING FUND

IN THE GUILD ROOM OF

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, January 21, 1922

ENTRIES OPEN TO THE GIRLS ONLY

PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN IN THE FOLLOWING CONTESTS:

1. Obstacle Race. Open to all.
2. Novelty Race. Teams.
3. Hurdle Race. Open to all.
4. Tag-of-War with sacks. Teams
5. Relay Race. Teams.
6. Hammer throw. Open to all.
7. Sack Race. Open to all.
8. Basket-ball with balloons. Teams

And other amusements.

ADMISSION, . . . . FIFTY CENTS

THE FINEST

THE BEST

## GRAND BALL

Inter-City Basket Ball Championship

(Schools for the Deaf)

LEXINGTON A. A. vs. FANWOOD A. A.

—AND—

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE vs.

(The Silent Separates) (Pending)

AUSPICES OF THE

## Deaf-Mutes' Union League